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Gymry dewrion, medd y bardd,
 Gwisgwa heddyw genin hardd,
 Cenin gwyrdav yn yr ardd,

Ar Wyl Dewi Sant.

Bloeddiwn bawb âg uchel lev,
 Nes in' siglo sêr y nev,
 Cavwyd buddugoliaeth grev,

Ar Wyl Dewi Sant.

TEGID.

English Poetry.

AIR—“ *The Men of Harlech.*”

WELSH MELODY:

INTENDED FOR THE “ CANORION ” SOCIETY.

I.

THOUGH far from the mountains of Cambria we dwell,
 Her melodies still o'er the heart have a spell—
 And it beats against the side, like a strange prisoned bird,
 That hears the wild notes which in youth it had heard ;
 When the Bard strikes the harp—like that harp which, of yore,
 The Bard of old Urien so gracefully bore—
 And the dear native *awen* is flowing so strong
 From the muse of the soul in the magic of song.

II.

In torrid or frigid, wherever they roam,
 No clime can estrange an old *Cymro*'s young home;
 And strong is the bent of the mountain-born flock,
 As the eagle on wing for Eryri's old rock—
 And our country shall smile on her children that rove,
 As the pelican bends o'er the offspring of love,
 When the dear native *awen* is flowing so strong
 From the muse of the soul in the magic of song.

III.

The fair, and the good, and the brave of our days,
 Shall blush and shall smile when they hear their own praise ;

And the shades of old heroes shall flit round the board,
 When they hear their old war-notes to valour restored—
 While the Genius of *Cymru* shall flee with delight,
 From her Idris, to thank the sweet harp-string to night,
 As her dear native *awen* is flowing so strong
 From the muse of the soul in the magic of song.

AP SION*.

“OH! THE DAYS ARE PAST.”

(*A Cambrian Melody.*)

OH! the days are past, when beauty
 These aged eyes could charm;
 And the trumpet call to duty
 Warm'd my heart and nerv'd my arm.
 When my eye was bright, and my heart was light,
 And my now chill'd blood was warm.

The mem'ry is but left me
 Of all my soul held dear:
 Age has of all bereft me
 This many a long long year ;
 But its thought is strong, and will dwell as long
 As that soul shall tarry here.

When these locks were like the raven
 In hue, my heart was strong;
 Nor feels it now like the craven,
 Tho' its stream moves faint along :
 Oft its warmth returns,—as in youth it burns,
 When it hears the minstrel's song.

Then farewell earthly pleasure,
 The joys that young hearts move:
 My soul hath had her measure,
 Her hopes are fix'd above;
 Yet my last faint sigh, when in death I lie,
 Shall be for the land I love.

S. R. J.

* We hope our correspondent will excuse us for mentioning, that this effusion is by the author of “Lorin, or A Wanderer in Wales,” of which a favourable notice has appeared in the CAMBRO-BRITON.—ED.